



Vol. XV No. 3

November 1981

PORN

by Danielle Savage

Pornography isn't a subject that I usually consider to be a crucial one for feminists. I tend to see it more as an outlet for a hostility against women — in many cases — that has its roots elsewhere. Much of it is offensive, but my feeling is that energy used to repress it could be more successfully used in other directions. (After all, everyone knows the *Toke* is still around). But Debra Lewis would disagree. Her experience as a founding member of the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre, legal researcher for the Vancouver Status of women, and education coordinator for the Battered Women Support Services in Vancouver has given her much exposure to women as victims of violence. In her speech entitled "Misogyny, Violence, and Pornography," given on October 22d at the Innis Town Hall, she discussed this. She explained that there is a direct relationship between physical assault and the movies, magazines and books that exploit or persecute women. She feels that it is important for everyone to understand what the implications of pornography are.

(Later a member of the audience asks: isn't there a distinction to be made between pornography and eroticism? And isn't it in fact hard to draw the line? Yes, answers Lewis, but the overwhelming majority of what is produced as porn today is violent and degrading to women.)

As far as Lewis is concerned, pornography is condoned by the state because it achieves a certain end — that is, that it contributes to the general threat of violence against women in our (or any patriarchal) society. This potential violence, reinforced by the incidents of actual violence that we are all familiar with, is necessary to scare women and "keep them in their place". It is in the interests of a patriarchal state, and most men, for women to be submissive and

and Social Control



clinging to traditional roles, she states: in the past 10 years, with the rise of women's movement, there has also been a backlash of violence against women, both real and in the media.

And it is not necessary to prove that pornography incites instances of physical violence against women, although Lewis feels that this is sometimes the case. (She mentions



Debra Lewis

that it has been disclosed recently that evidence proving this relationship was omitted in the report published by the American Presidential Commission on Obscenity in the early Seventies, the definitive study on the subject for a long time). She stresses that it is harmful enough because it affects the way men see women and the way women see themselves.

To those who defend the existence of pornography for reasons of "freedom of speech", Lewis answers that this is a naive approach and that "some have more freedom of speech than others". Why is it that material that degrades racial groups is considered harmful to the community, and not pornography? The state does not intervene in this matter, she maintains, for the same reason that the police are reluctant to investigate cases of wife beating, child abuse, and rape: women (and children) are considered to be men's property, and if they overstep the boundaries set for them by men, they must pay the price. Violent pornography is there to show, graphically, what can happen to rebellious women.

Debra Lewis' speech was on an emotionally-charged subject, judging from the questions and discussion afterwards. Pornography, and how to deal with it, are very general yet very personal issues. This was perhaps best illustrated by one man's question — why was he not allowed into a discussion and slide show on pornography held earlier? This discussion was a part of the week of lectures and events sponsored by various women's groups on campus and the C.S.U. entitled "On the Sexual Abuses of Power", of which Lewis' speech was also a part, and was open exclusively to women. I hate to admit it, but most of the audience laughed at him. One woman offered a response that seems satisfactory — that pornography is a very sensitive issue for women and that it is hard enough for them to express themselves on such an issue; harder still with men around, especially those who may see the whole thing as a joke.

This is a valid explanation for what can be particularly painful issue. Yet when Lewis speaks of women unifying themselves separately from men to fight their battles, I can't help but wonder how far she means to take that. Not that women should lessen their demands, but I don't think that it is in anyone's interests to alienate those who are willing to help.

Shroud of Turin

by John Hamilton

In a stunning breakthrough, a group of world scientists yesterday announced the face on the Shroud of Turin to be a bad xerox copy. The Shroud, once believed to be the burial cloth of Jesus Christ, has been proven to be part of an old T-shirt. The discovery of a small label in the lower right hand corner reading 'machine washable' is credited with giving the scientists their first clue.

Shock waves reverberated around the world. Pope Paul is reported to have commented "Sacer Scomber" to a group of cardinals in the Vatican. New York artist Andy Warhol, said in a statement to the press, "Gee, I wish I'd thought of it first." Morris Goodman, Toronto T-shirt magnate, replied when questioned, "such a disgrace, not even color, and what poor material. I can do better quality and at a cheaper price — but only in lots of 100."



Third World :

by Pym Buitenhuis

Recently I interviewed Prof. Gavin Smith, a Social and Cultural Anthropologist at U of T, on the role anthropologists have and can play in aiding development in the Third World. Anthropology has traditionally been a sort of travelogue of the differing peoples that inhabit the earth. Anthropologists have observed and recorded, supposedly without bias, the lives of peoples living in social systems unknown to the Western world. They have been, in some ways, legitimized voyeurs.

Professor Gavin Smith, however, has taken a different approach to anthropology. He has overstepped the boundary of the observer and has attempted to play an active role in the lives of peasant groups in the Peruvian Andes, in the shanty towns of Lima and Peru, and finally in a peasant community in the Pyanees in Spain. He calls this discipline Development Anthropology. The following article is based on the ideas expressed in the interview.

Development Anthropology differs from Development economics or sociology in a fundamental way. Development Economics deals largely with constructing models of programmes that a government can institute in building or strengthening the economy in a country. It involves an analysis of the role of multinationals, foreign investment and foreign aid programmes. Development Sociologists examine the development of class consciousness and the role of particular institutions, such as education, as they alter the psyche of a supposedly traditional society to a more modern one. Essentially, the sociologist and the economist look at the mechanisms of society imposed from the top onto a given people. The anthropologist, however, approaches the situation from the bottom up, investigating the effects these institutions and mechanisms have on the people and how they react to them.

The early Development Economists predicted that as the society became further industrialized, peasants would simply disappear. In reality, this has not been the case. In fact the peasantry has very often increased and their demand for land has correspondingly also increased. It was also predicted that as industry grew, people would migrate from the countryside to the cities to become factory workers. People have in fact migrated in vast numbers to the cities, yet what has tended to happen is that the factories have been either capital-intensive rather than labour-intensive, or they demand more skilled labour, the result being that the migrants have been left with no source of income.

They have instead, become beggars or sellers of trinkets or cookies on the street and have squatted on land surrounding the cities. Both the peasantry and the urban poor are called marginals. They are essentially in no-man's-land. They are neither integrated into the market system nor are they owners of the land on which they live. These incidental people, of which there are now millions, are victims of partially developed countries and it is they that Gavin Smith has chosen to study.

The presence of an anthropologist in a community is a very tricky thing. The role that Prof. Smith played in the community in the Andes, about which we spoke most, ended up to be very different from what he had expected. It is the feeling of many people that go into the field that surely with their education they could teach and advise the people how to work within the system and thus meet the demands of the community.

When Prof. Smith arrived in the village he was told, "We are not interested in what you think we should do." And they weren't, for the simple reason that whatever plan of action was decided upon, if that action failed, they would be the ones to suffer. Too often the government had sent people to them telling them what to do, and too often they had lost by them. For example, if the government were to send an agronomist to tell them what crops to grow, and that crop did not survive the harsh climate of the Andes, they would have to starve. Prof. Smith openly admits that if he was to have advised them, he would have given them the wrong advice.

The tactics this community used to make their demands heard by big business and the government were those of warfare. In most

Active Anthropology

peasant societies the question of land or lack thereof, is of utmost importance. After many failed attempts at negotiations, the group had resorted to rebellions and guerilla activity to gain land, and they were finally successful.

The role Gavin Smith played in this activity was to record their actions and in the publishing of such records, the peasants could communicate to others in similar situations, the tactics they had used to bring themselves out of their extreme poverty. He also was a resource person who the villagers could come to ask for information. This group was in many ways exceptional, since

The constant chewing of coca leaves causes hideous deterioration in the mouths of Bolivian peasants.



The Boat Person

by Chris Glover

One of the strongest criticisms I hold against the established media is the lack of follow-up stories. The media brings grave issues to the people's attention, and before it is resolved, it is heard of no more. However, by mere chance, the tools to rectify this situation have been placed in my hands. So with this in mind, I present to you an interview with a Boat Person, one of those long-forgotten, and supposedly assimilated members of our population.

I met Le Nam Tan at a TTC stop in Toronto. He was looking for the "Y". After a short discussion, it was decided that he would spend the night at my humble abode. During our conversations that evening I was able to obtain his views on politics, the Vietnamese war, and his life in Canada.

Le Nam Tan was born in Saigon in 1941. He attended primary school from 1947 to 1952, high school from 1952 to 1959, and following this did one year of pre-med at the University of Saigon, followed by six years of medical and post-medical studies. In 1967 he graduated as a vascular surgeon.

Until 1975 he applied his talents to healing the wounded in the war. He operated indiscriminately on American and both North and South Vietnamese soldiers. In his own words, "I am for all the people... enemy or no enemy." He had many suspense-filled stories of his own involvement in the war. At one time he had been trapped in a trench with a young American who had shrapnel lodged in his leg. With no proper surgical tools, Le Nam Tan removed the shrapnel and sewed the leg using the nylon thread from one of the sandbags that encompassed the trench.

Of the war, he would only say that Vietnam has suffered for many thousands of years at the hands of imperialist troops from China, France, and of course the Russians and Americans. He was repulsed by the fact that his country had been used as a battleground so many times. Le

few peasant societies are successful in their attempts to gain land.

Other ways in which anthropologists have worked in peasant communities or urban housing leagues, have been by either translating from the native tongue to the government language (in this case, Queschua to Spanish), or acting as a mediator or spokesman. Gavin Smith is attempting to bring anthropology out of its voyeuristic microcosm into a broader, more real and useful context which I feel can play a very significant role in the developing world today. Those who are often forced to be silent can be given a chance to speak.

Nam Tan said that all his people wanted was "To live in peace and liberty."

After the war Le Nam Tan was sentenced to what his government calls "re-education." He was put in a concentration camp for two years. During this time, his wife and daughter lived with his parents. He was not allowed to see them for two years, after which time he was released because his surgical skills were needed by the people. Shortly after his release he began planning his escape. Two years later, in 1979, he, his wife and daughter, and one hundred other people set sail in a 15-meter boat.

The boat was attacked by Thai pirates who stole the few belongings they had escaped with, and raped many of the women and young girls. Many of these girls and women became pregnant and committed suicide by jumping overboard. After fifteen days afloat, the boat landed in a refugee camp. There the people were fed by the U.N. task force. While there, Le Nam Tan employed his medical skills to help his fellow refugees.

After six months in the camp, he and his family were allowed to immigrate to Canada. In October of 1979 he arrived in Montreal where the Canadian government had found him an apartment. The first two months rent was given to him, but since then he has had to pay his own way. In the past two years he has worked as a cleaner, a factory worker, and as an orderly. He has not minded doing these jobs though, because he says, "When I left our country, I wanted to find liberty and peace only."

Because of the medical code, foreign doctors are not allowed to practice in Canada until they have written government exams. Mr. Nam Tan wrote these last summer, and has since been applying for an internship at Canadian hospitals. The morning after his visit he had an interview at a major Toronto hospital. Because he left for Montreal immediately after his interview, I have not yet heard the results. All I can do is hope that this man who has been through so much now finally may be on the road to a better life.

Ban the Bomb

by Jeremy Adelman

Over 2,000 demonstrators participated in a demonstration and rally on Saturday, October 31. The march began at Allen Gardens and gradually made its way through downtown Toronto to Nathan Phillips Square. The protest coincided with protests around the world to speak out against the arms buildup and the growing threat of a nuclear holocaust. In Toronto the rally incorporated several other themes, including a protest against U.S. foreign policy in the Caribbean and Central America.

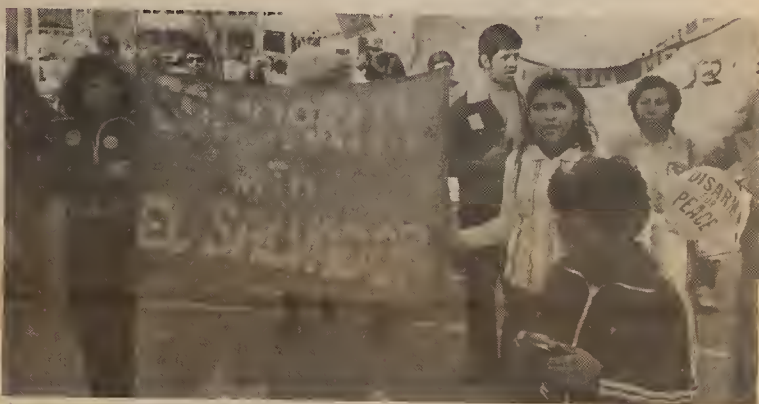
The demonstration was organized by two Toronto networks: the Ad-Hoc committee for disarmament and a coalition of Central American and Caribbean solidarity groups. It was a bright, sunny day when these groups assembled what is believed to be the largest peace demonstration in Toronto since the end of the Vietnam War.

The aims of the protest were clearly oriented toward American policy. Fear was prompted by some basic policies, such as the United States military's exercising and rehearsing manoeuvres in the Caribbean called "Ocean Venture '81". It is believed that these war games are preparation for possible incursions into either Canada, Nicaragua or Cuba. Apparently, the Canadian navy has also been taking part. Another concern is the renewed threat to the Sandanista government in Nicaragua against ex-Somogist national guardsmen supported by Reagan. Raids are frequent by these terrorist groups. With backing from the U.S., invasions are launched from neighbouring Honduras. The Sandanistas have requested that solidarity groups be formed to protest American aggression. U.S. military advisors are working to help the El Salvadorian army continue its brutal terrorizing activities. The same is now true of Guatemala.

Recent statements claiming that a nuclear war in Europe could be won and survived has caused a huge outcry by Europeans. Massive protest rallies took place in Bonn and Amsterdam. In London over a quarter of a million demonstrators voiced their opposition. Demands are clear that Europeans do not favour the growing nuclear missile installations in their territory.

Reagan's new (or old) policy of greatly increased arms expenditure has also caused great concern. Neutron bombs and cruise missiles are beginning to proliferate. It is estimated that there are enough nuclear missiles in existence to destroy every human being fifteen times over.

The rally was a culmination of a week of activities associated with the United Nations Week of Disarmament. They encourage everyone "to speak out for survival," to become active, and to show their opposition to this threat to our very existence.



Miscellaneous Ramblings

Bodkin Van Horne

Car certification is a bureaucratic hassle that serves only to make work for civil servants and mechanics. As far as I know, there are no statistics that correlate certification with a lower accident rate. I was under the impression that the overwhelmingly majority of accidents are a direct result of driver error. Does anyone know an "easy" certifier?

I got my phone bill last week and found, much to my surprise, that the phone company charges for unlisted service. I pay two-seventy-something for this "privilege." Isn't it harder to list? A system where you have to pay for anonymity is unequivocally screwed up.

In Montreal, MUTCT monthly passes sell for seventeen bucks. TTC passes cost thirty. I sure as hell can't afford thirty. I could afford seventeen. I would have figured that passes would be cheaper in Toronto, because every other civic service is, due to Montreal's mayor Jean Drapeau and his Olympic debt. Why the difference of almost half?


I get really scared at horrible movies. My imagination is too good. I don't scream in the scary parts, I'm really scared *anticipating* the scary parts. I think about going to the bathroom a lot, and I hum tunes to myself. I'm not someone who likes being scared. I saw *Night of The Living Dead* last Saturday night, and was scared before I'd paid my money. Thoughts of blood, guts and general nastiness were rapidly ruining my evening. What a relief the movie was. It was really funny. I couldn't help thinking that the ghouls looked remarkably like The Members, a band I saw open for Joe Jackson a few years ago. The leading lady

spent most of the movie being hilariously spaced, and there were some classic lines which I can't remember offhand, but which I do remember splitting my sides over. I haven't had as good a time at a movie in years. Rivals the *Mart Bros*.

In Vermont last weekend, I realized how full of smog Toronto is. The sky was full of stars. I'd never seen so many stars. (Just like a planetarium, I thought.) The stars are up there, right? They just don't show through clouds, or factory-type haze. Haze lives in the city. Rather basic revelation. Rather important, too. The air doesn't actually *smell* bad...

I was at Madcaps the other night, having leek and potato soup, and Spinach salad. So what? Well, the scotch they brought me was a drunkard's dream. A triple for the price of one. An inexperienced bartender is my guess, or a drunk one. Perhaps the bartender didn't show and the staff was trying to fill in. Hmmm. Six for the price of two. Good meal.

But what am I doing on the two o'clock bus to Toronto anyway? Nothing against To., as cities it's pretty good. But why the bus? More home-type stuff sits useless in Montreal; the car I've spent more than all my money on sits useless too. I let a little friend start it. He popped the clutch and drove it into a wall. And I've got thirty bucks in my wallet and a hundred or so in the bank, and I owe all of it or more. Hell, it's not even the *beginning* of the month. It's times like these that make you want to be bloody sure your education is worth the sum of the money you spend on school, the money you spend on living while going to school, and the money you don't make because you're going to school. Whew. Buses make me sick.



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You take some chocolate... and you take two pieces of bread... and you put the candy in the middle and you make a sandwich of it. And that would be cake.

- Andy Warhol

Editorial



Talk'n New Yalk

Hotdogs, souvlaki, pop. Sometimes popcorn, sometimes snacks. These things are written on their umbrellas (yellow, red, blue plus dirty white) and with prices on their carts. Same pricelists, same umbrellas, same carts, same hotdogs, souvlaki and pop. There's a man in an office somewhere who provides this equipment. Other variations on this theme are: pretzels and frankfurters, fresh fruit, nuts, Italian ices and so on, but it is the hotdog-souvlaki-pop men who proliferate.

Once in Central Park I happened to see an elderly gentleman buy a coke, and then two tourist-kids buy hotdogs and orange crush, but the guy was standing there with me watching for more than an hour. I've seen other people buy stuff from street-vendors too. It isn't all that unusual. There are people who will pay up to two dollars for pressed butcher scraps, red glop, leathery white dough, and carbonated chemicals.

and carbonated chemicals. Whether they do it on a regular basis or not, I couldn't say. It's more than lucky that they do on occasion spend their money on the deterioration of their innards, because our friends with the carts and umbrellas sort of count on it.

No simple comment on capitalism or disgust with junkfood is awakened every time you're walking up another street or avenue and there are bright coloured umbrellas (red, white, blue, yellow) up ahead at the corner so there's something happening up there and then you get there sometimes after smelling barbequing going on during your approach if it's souvlaki, and there's the guy trying to sell you the stuff or else talking to his buddy who likes to hang around and watch him sell stuff, and maybe you even consider buying

some just because it's sort of expected, maybe you do. And you eat it and it's gone and the guy has your two bucks.

Survival and excess. Manhattan is a constant scrounging and splurging and it's all pressurized into a constant movement sizzling even in the streets solid yellow with taxi jam. Could you imagine if everyone in New York was awake at the same time? Fast. Eat. Get it, to go. "Can I come too?" Quick you asshole the fucking light is green, get moving. Co. "Hey chickie, come over here," walk. Ice cream, Miller beer, donuts, gucci gucci gucci. Nothing happens in Times Square, no things happen, they don't even have a clock there any more, it's a happening.

If it's space you want, a kind of privacy, you gotta make it. Surround yourself so everywhere is yours, blast out the ghettos and everyone knows whose space it is, this is my ghetto now, man and you can listen as I pass by and share this bit of space. Or when you walk, man, get wired with your own space, instant privacy jiving across the chaos getting blasted through microscopic earphones that the crowd can't hear.

The art here is wild in this mass of man that can't help but generate an aesthetic extravaganza. You have to keep on stopping to get your mind blown or your heart going and you remember some of it later cause of all the names and the fame and the wow, I saw it. In New York, yeah, and it was amazing, all the galleries crammed with masterpieces and jazz sax on the street and the funky costumes people wear out of boutique windows or out of hallucinations — see any movie you want, anytime.

There are trees in Manhattan, mostly in Central Park where everyone goes in the summer and the

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sun, kind of a little vacation, an inward escape to the organic oasis in the cement spread of solid civilization. I read somewhere that way back when, someone designed the park to make it natural, imported sand and rock and trees and designed picturesque vistas and organized walkways. Go there after dark and the nicest thing that will happen is you get mugged, fucking zoo at night, where they all go at night, crawling out from between the skyscrapers.

Remember the picture in Historical Accounts of America about the Big Crash or the Winning of the War where all that tickertape is in the air, but Wall Street on Sunday is a huge shadow like nowhere else because there is upness and looming and concrete everywhere but no people, not even any neon, hardly a sign. There is an atmosphere of control in the hugeness and the lack.

Spare change? Got a coffee for me, I'm broke. Quarter ma'am? Peeing on the sidewalk, spare change, been sitting here for a few days now on this step here, sort of waiting, don't ask me any questions, I forget, I forget what I want, keep moving crowd before me on the sidewalk, girl you could even fuck me, it is a thought, keep moving, look here quick I can tell you're from out of town doing the tourist bit, I remember that, it's rude to stare so don't look long, yes I am one of those dirty, sad and drunk when possible, men in New York cause it's a city and I can't help it if I'm a fixture.

It's a 3-D squash of civilization where all the strata separate into sections on the map, but they all have to get places. All the time and in the getting there, in all the pushing forward they tangle even with the shopping bag ladies who go places too, and so the mess of survival meeting excess. It's a huge horniness and how can anyone be hungry with so much food for sale? Everyone's looking for their meat, beeping and screaming and dancing and shuffling it all into a place that isn't America, and isn't anywhere except itself, which it loves with a passion.



YES, YOU CAN BE A

Herald



Letters to the Editor

On the Study of Cinema



We read with great interest your well-informed October editorial, "Where Have All The Film Courses Gone?" We also appreciate the gratifying support it shows for the Cinema Studies Programme. There are, however, some areas of soft focus in your treatment which we should like to clarify. Let's open the iris a little wider, therefore.

It is true that Cinema Studies and Innis have been together for a long time, but not as long as you say. The College was founded in 1964, the Programme in 1975. Moreover, the Programme was and still is a programme not of the College but of the Faculty of Arts and Science, happily associated with the College, and housed there since the new building was opened in 1976. No doubt the new building was planned — with its screening facilities — with the continuing relationship between the College and the Programme in mind. We have always enjoyed the unstinted moral and financial support of the College. But the lifeblood of the Programme — the funds which sustain it — flows from three main sources: all the colleges (of which Innis is of course the most important) and all the departments which offer courses in the e; the screening fees paid by students in these courses; and the office of the Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Science.

Cinema Studies grew up at the University of Toronto in a rather piecemeal way. Gino Matteo offered the first course in film, through the English Department, in 1966-67; Joe Medjuck offered the next in 1969-70, as an interdisciplinary course at Innis. In the first year of the operation of the Minor in Cinema Studies in 1975-76, there were in the Calendar thirteen courses, seven of them college courses (three at Innis), and six of them departmental courses. Innis paid part of the salaries of two instructors teaching Innis courses in film, and contributed a sum for film rentals for all film courses at the College; other colleges and the departments contributed funds proportionate to the courses they offered in the Programme. The single most important fact to be remembered about Cinema Studies at Toronto is this: there are no full-time instructors in film; all film courses are taught by instructors (other than the two at Innis) on released time from the departments, so that the departments are in effect donating the time of their members who teach in the Programme.

What the Programme therefore lacks is what students in the '60s used to call "control over their own lives." We lack ultimate control over our own programme, since the departments pay the instructors' salaries, and therefore assign their teaching duties: we teach film by the grace of the departmental chairmen (It is not quite as simple as this, of course: most departmental chairmen are not mere eleemosynaries, and several of them are happy to have a large film course salutarily affect their departmental Dobell numbers). But since so many of the film courses are departmental, Cinema Studies cannot prescribe prerequisites for them, so that a film course in one of the language departments not only cannot have the introduc-

ory film course as prerequisite, it may also have a language prerequisite. And this, incidentally, makes it next to impossible for Cinema Studies to construct Co-Specialist requirements with language departments, since most of the related literary courses, in twentieth-century topics, are advanced language courses calling for several lower level courses, and so requiring, with the claims of the Department and the Programme, an excess of departmental courses.

It follows from this overriding fact of the programme's lack of control of what properly are its own affairs that, since even the most generous department is unlikely to allow one of its instructors to teach more than one course each year outside its own offerings, most instructors in film teach only one film course each year, alternating the two courses against their names in the brochure. This means about one half of the Programme's offerings, and only one half, are regularly taught each year. So that the complaint of your second paragraph, dramatically posed in your title, represents, however, undesirably, the normal state of the Programme. As instructors go on leave, of course, the situation sinks below this norm.

Your next complaint concerns the lack of practical courses in the Programme. This we acknowledge, but with the justification that you put aside without just cause — that indeed ours is a theoretical and historical approach to film. This is the traditional stance of the University of Toronto: the English Department, for instance, is no hotbed of creative writing courses; and even the Department of Fine Art's studio courses are seen by many as being outside this University's proper concerns. We do recognize the importance of some production-oriented courses, however; we have some few listed in our brochure, and we are fairly optimistic that that side of our programme will develop considerably within the next few years. You put your finger on the nub of the difficulty: the facilities required for such study are enormously expensive, and not high on the University's list of priorities. Some universities would consider a 35mm facility essential to the health of a film studies programme. York will shortly have two; you know how many we have.

As to timetable conflicts, here Cinema Studies labours under peculiar difficulties. We have to fit fifteen to twenty courses into a 40-hour week, not in neat tri-weekly slots of a hour each, but, in two single-hours slots far enough apart to allow a two to three hour screening in between, since the most desirable progression for a film course is lecture/screening/discussion. Moreover, whereas students taking a normal departmental major or specialist degree take their courses in certain patterns which permit courses which no student would ever take in the same year to be scheduled at the same time, the combinations of film courses taken by film majors or specialists are entirely unpredictable. We therefore try to schedule our courses all over the timetable — two irreconcilable aims.

Finally, and obviously, we agree with you (and go beyond you) in thinking that the disappearance of the Programme would be supremely regrettable. This is unlikely, of course, since here as elsewhere (well, not quite as elsewhere) film is well established as a course of study; what is more to the point is that our enrolments are at a record high level this year. We are less concerned than you about film being a study complementary to other disciplines; it is probably best approached that way, whether through fine art, history, or literature. But it may be that such complementary relationships tend to impair further the independence which, we have taken some pains to point out, we do not at present have. The best solution would certainly lie in a financially independent Cinema Studies, whether as a separate department, or on the single analogy here of Jewish Studies. The main impetus for such a goal will come most effectively from continued student support of the Programme and its courses. And by student support we mean not only in actual enrolment in these courses, but also in the enunciation of what is re-

quired in organs representing student opinion, such as the Innis Herald. If film is to continue being studied here — if any discipline is to survive — it needs the primary commodity: students. This is why, though we may differ on details, we welcome most warmly your thoughtful and well-timed editorial.

Yours sincerely,
Barrie Hayne
for the Cinema Studies Committee

I read with some interest your editorial on the Cinema Studies Programme in the October edition. I'd like to reply that everything is fine and that we have loads of money lying around with which to solve its problems.

Well, I can't. To a greater degree than any other of our College programmes, Cinema Studies depends upon various Departments' goodwill in releasing staff for the courses, since Innis College pays for only two part-time staff who contribute to its teaching. In any given year, a number of courses are bound not to be offered. The problem is to keep these courses from outnumbering the ones that are offered.

I am currently meeting with the Programme's executive committee in an effort to get a clearer picture of its short and long-term needs, because I think that additional funds beyond those currently devoted to the Programme will be necessary. Certainly the present Innis College budget cannot support it at any increased level. At the same time, Mr. David King, our Vice-Principal and Registrar, has begun work on an administrative report (to be submitted by the administration to Council) on the whole question of the future stability, both financial and academic, of all three programmes based in the College.

The fact that the Administration is aware of the problems doesn't mean it's automatically solved ("wide cracks have appeared in the earth and huge rocks are falling from the sky. Relax, an administrative task force is working on the problem!") All I can tell you is that we are working on it.

Busily,
Dennis Duffy
Principal

Innis Hockey

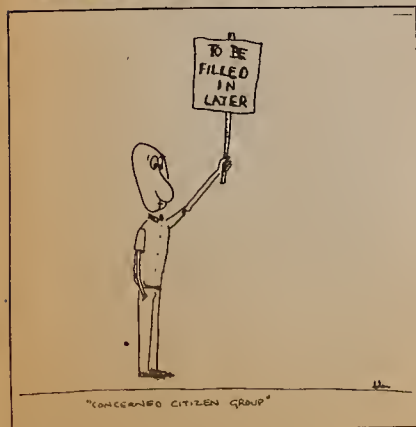
by Fred Mott

The Innis men's hockey team is undefeated so far this season. Their play has been excellent, making the games very entertaining and fast moving. Innis won their first game against Musie 5-2 and their second game against Knox College 3-1.

The game against Knox was a pressure-filled contest in which Innis fans were treated to a very exciting evening. The pressure was on early as Knox scored first but Innis persevered and tied the game when Bruno Ierullo lifted the puck high over the Knox goaltender and into the net. Innis exploded for several good scoring chances. When they went ahead 2-1 the tension did not cease as Knox fought hard and had a goal called back. The insurance goal came late in the game.

By the time of printing, the Innis "A" team will have played a few more games but the season is far from over. The hockey is of excellent calibre and there are never too many fans. It is a great deal of fun for all the fans and the support is appreciated by the team. Let's show some team spirit and encourage our team on to the interfaculty championship.

Note: The Innis "B" team also has a perfect record. They won their first game against the Engineers by default.



Imagine the Sound

by Bart Testa

When it was first shown, at this year's Toronto film festival, *Imagine the Sound* was greeted with astonishment. The standing cliché of jazz films, fictional or documentary, is that the filmmaker should seek out the musicians *in situ*—at a smoky clob, late set, bad Italian food being dished out to talkative customers. Booze, broads, bad drugs and bad times should lurk just off-screen. The musician should nobly shrug and mumble through interviews, the oppressed, battered genius' keeing on keeping on. Such clichés, a cruel departure from the vision of jazz seen in the classical Hollywood cinema, spills over today from fiction films like *Mickey One*, *The Man with the Golden Arm*, *Lady Sings the Blues*, *New York, New York*.

So, what astonished us about *Imagine the Sound* was its presentation of pianist Cecil Taylor. Seated in an immaculate white room behind a gigantic black grand, the camera tracking around him with sinuous ease. Trumpeter Bill Dixon elegantly gestures with a glass of white wine as he crisply recalls his onetime neighbor LaMonte Young "out here on a Fullbright." Archie Shepp discusses Martin Luther King and Malcolm X like a college professor (which he is, at U of Mass) and Canadian pianist Paul Bley compress the musicology of 60s avant garde jazz in a few witty strokes. At one point in the film, as a digression actually, Dixon snaps, "In this music, the musicians are supposed to be dumb." *Imagine the Sound* is a film about jazz musicians who are nobody's fool or fantasy of dey blooze. They are extremely self-aware, historically conscious artists working with an exalted, if economically brutalized, tradition of music of great sophistication as well as tremendous expressive power.

Imagine the Sound was one of the five most popular films at the Toronto festival. With good reason. It departs from jazz-film convention. It is a polished movie. The performances are terrific and the technical features of the film, especially the sound, are nearly perfect. The force and elegance of *Imagine the Sound* are the results of some basic choices director Ron Mann made at the outset of the production. Instead of shooting at live performances, the musicians came to Toronto last February where a recording studio had been turned into a film studio. Three 16mm cameras, a boom to provide camera mobility, and a full set of lights were deployed. Each musician had a "set" expressly designed to personify his performances. Taylor in a white room, Bley in nearly total darkness, Shepp and Dixon in more casual studio surroundings. "I was partly inspired by *The Last Waltz*," explains Mann. "Martin Scorsese showed what you could do with musical performance when you could move the camera freely, light the players properly and, generally, have perfect control a studio situation could provide." The recording studio, moreover, permitted Mann to capture the ideal sound he wanted and could never have obtained in a club or concert. *Imagine the Sound* could be an album as easily as it is a movie.

The musicians, working individually—Taylor and Bley solo, Dixon and Shepp with groups—play with a ten-minute limit, the span imposed by the 16mm magazine. Usually players who work in much longer formats—Taylor often for an hour or more per piece—the musicians succeeded very well within this time limit. Early in the film, Dixon looks at his watch after playing, inadvertently suggesting the cool sarcasm of the seasoned jazz musician, when really he's just checking to see whether his beautifully integrated improvisation fit the time-span Mann requested.

All four of the musicians came to prominence in the early 60s along with the new jazz movement

fronted by Ornette Coleman, John Caltrane and Taylor. A break with the Bop style of the 50s, this jazz was at first received with anger and derision by the old guard and, as Bley relates with good humor in the film, by music business audiences as well. Eventually, this new jazz triumphed—on the very limited scale modern jazz can. It also opened lines of communication with new poetry, painting and dance, breaking the nightclub isolation into which jazz had been backed since World War II. The musical giant of the film is, of course, Cecil Taylor, whose expressive, free-form piano style is one of the wonders of contemporary jazz. And his last piece, captured in a series of elaborate camera movements and sharp high-angle compositions, is one of the best bravura moments in *Imagine the Sound*. But by no means are Shepp, Dixon or Bley dwarfed by Taylor either in or out of the film. As Dixon explains in the most fascinating interview in the film, these musicians have always viewed their venture as collective and exploratory, none of them expecting to make any money in the first place.



Imagine the Sound's on-camera interviewer Bill Smith, editor of *Coda* magazine and owner of the silliest tams in creation, remarks to Shepp at one point that *Imagine the Sound* is being made twenty years after these musicians first appeared as a force in jazz. It is the first documentary on these musicians. *Imagine the Sound* is also the first feature film of 23-year-old Ron Mann, who graduated from Innis College in 1980. Although Mann can consider himself a successful filmmaker after *Imagine the Sound* he admits, "Films don't make me a living." Budgeted at \$160,000, *Imagine the Sound* has gained distribution in Europe but it will be a long time before the film makes a penny of profit. "Without my parents and the Ontario Arts Council, a very supportive distributor (International Telefilm), I would not be able to survive."

Before Mann even entered university, he had won prizes with his Super-8 shorts and even created an amateur feature, *Flak*, "about the decay of

60s political awareness into 70s complacency." He began university at Bennington College in Vermont (where Bill Dixon chairs the Black Music Studies Department) and took a course, "Film and Philosophy", with Bill Schroeder, "my mentor." At the Cannes Festival in 1977, Mann encountered Hollywood director Elia Kazan who advised the young aspirant, "Learn everything except film before you even think about making films." Following his advice, Mann entered York University's liberal arts programmes and made his films "aside from school." Together with David Fine, Mann made several animation movies with Wintario grants, a plasticine film called *The Only Game in Town*, and *Falshas*, a video documentary on Black Ethiopian Jews threatened with extermination.

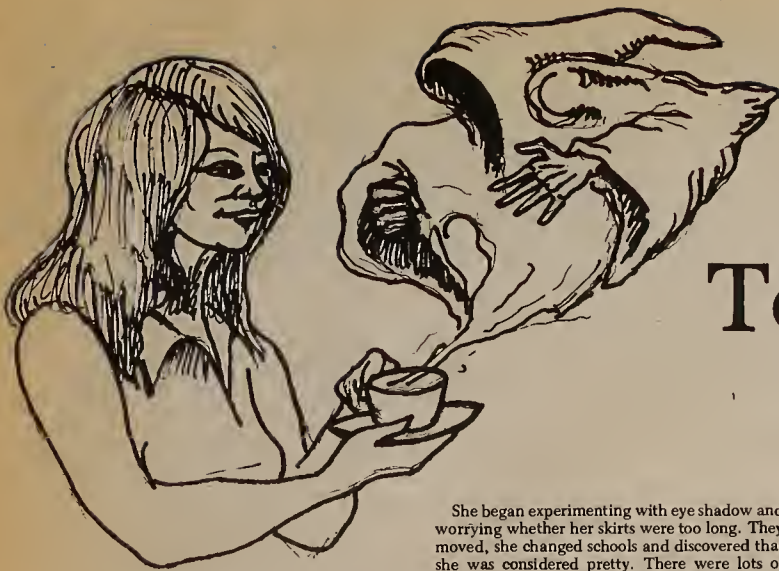
Transferring to Innis, Mann did an independent study with Joe Medjuck and came up with the script for *Anson Minor*, a summer camp horror story kids tell in Ontario every August 1. "This was before *Meatballs* and *Friday the 13th* and I never got the project off the ground." It was another teacher at Innis, Barrie Hayne, who enabled Mann to make his next, and it turned out, most popular movie, *SSSSHHHHH*. An active member of the Toronto Film Society, which wanted to sponsor a film urging theater patrons to keep quiet during screenings, Prof. Hayne put Mann in contact with the TFS and the resulting movie, starring Elwy Yost, was the curtain raiser at Cineplex. "That's the only time I ever made money from a film. \$15 royalty checks arrived like clockwork for a little while there."

Imagine the Sound developed out of Mann's contact with New York filmmaker Emil DeAntonio whose documentaries, like *Painters Painting*, provided the basic model for Mann's jazz film. Eschewing narrative, as well as the conventional off-screen narrator, De Antonio's approach resembles portraiture rather than the explanatory style of documentary. Mann handles this difficult style with great confidence throughout *Imagine the Sound*. Also derived from De Antonio is Mann's film openly acknowledging that filming is going on. Most of the interviews take place in mirrored rooms with the film crew clearly visible. This open approach lends the film the feeling of a full collaboration between the film's subjects and its makers. For once, these jazz musicians are not specimens to be processed but artists with their own integrity, presented in alternating sequences with sensitive formality while performing and with casual engagement while talking.

Imagine the Sound will next be screened in Toronto at the Toronto Workshop Playhouse on Saturday, November 29 at 7:00 PM. Flautist James Newton will also perform at TWP the same evening. For further information, call 925-8640.



LOOK! STOP STARING AT ME... I'M
NOT STARRING AT YOU... AM I ???!



by Fern Hill

She used to make up stories. At the beginning she would write them down but she stopped. She knew that stories should have beginnings, middles, and ends. Beginnings were easy: she'd just look at somebody on the street or in a bus and think, "Who is that?" and there'd be a beginning. Middles were easy too: she'd ask herself, "What happens next?" She was stymied by endings. It seemed that she could go on and on asking what happens next. There were two alternatives: "they (he)(she) lived as happily as can be expected ever after" or "and then they (he) (she) lived as happily as can be expected ever after" or "and then they (he) (she) died." The first one had infuriated her even as a child being read bedtime stories. So she used to bump off all her characters.

She didn't particularly like bumping them off and sometimes, Sherlocke Holmeslike, they were revived. For a while, she let them get old and die peacefully in their sleep. But by then they had had children and she'd begun asking herself what happens to them. Then she made her characters practise birth control. Their lives got dull though, so she'd put them out of their misery earlier.

There came a phase of sudden and bizarre deaths. One choked to death on the fortune from a fortune cookie; when, at the autopsy, the bit of paper was extracted, it read — never mind, that was a silly story. One was landed on by a highrise suicide. Street car accidents, ceilings falling, and kind of accident. This soon got laboured.

She started thinking exclusively about characters in dangerous jobs. It seemed less bloodthirsty to bump off a race car driver, a fireman or a soldier. But she wasn't really interested in that sort of person and they began dying in spectacularly dumb ways.

It was about this time that she stopped writing the stories down. Her mother, who had had aspirations to write, knew she wrote stories and one day finally worked up the courage to ask to see some. She returned them with "But Ally, everyone dies in them." Unfortunately this incident occurred a few months after the first death in the family — her grandfather's, a nasty old man who had smoked smelly cigars and made her grandmother cry. Ally was acutely aware of being watched over the next few months. Her father, ever the diplomat, said on one of his visits: "What's this I hear about you being preoccupied with death? We all have to die you know." She nodded, went into her room, tore up all her stories, and the next day joined the gymnastics team.

They watched her for a while longer but soon she got a boyfriend and started writing poetry. Poetry was lovely — it had no characters. Beginnings, middles, and ends weren't an issue. Poems boiled up and then boiled down. She had a little squiggly device that she'd put below the last line of a poem so she'd remember that she had stopped and not merely been called to dinner.

She began experimenting with eye shadow and worrying whether her skirts were too long. They moved, she changed schools and discovered that she was considered pretty. There were lots of dates. She was nominated for class president and was narrowly defeated by the captain of the soccer team. She had poems printed in the school newspaper. She won the English prize.

The English prize caused trouble. One of her teachers, Miss Beatty, a sweet old lady whose picture as a member of the 1911 girls' field hockey team hung in the hall, took an interest in her. Miss Beatty told her that she wrote *very well* (Miss Beatty often spoke in italics). Had she ever considered writing stories? Ally looked pained by this but Miss Beatty didn't notice and the next day she set the class a creative writing project.

"Writing stories is easy. Just look at somebody on the bus and ask yourself: who is that person, what do they do? Imagine them getting off the bus. What happens next?"

"They get hit by a street car," Ally shouted and began giggling uncontrollably. She got hiccups and had to leave the room.

When she got home that night, she told her mother she had a headache. She went to bed and fell asleep. Her mother roused her the next morning but Ally fell asleep again. There was a lot of mononucleosis going around. She was taken to a doctor who took an enormous amount of blood out of her. She told the doctor that leeching seemed a peculiar cure for weakness. He said that this was a diagnostic test. She went home and went to bed.

The doctor called the next day and said the tests showed nothing. Ally was malingerer. Was she having problems at school? The election, the poems, and the English prize were given in evidence. The doctor said to give it a few days and if she wasn't better to bring her back.

Ally's mother worked so there was no one in the house in the daytime. Ally was feeling better, less sleepy. She watched the game shows in the morning and the soaps in the afternoon. She had a few days' grace in which to admit health and go back to school or to face the doctor again. She liked the soap operas — people got very sick but nobody died. She suddenly remembered watching the Lone Ranger years ago. The Lone Ranger was in a very tight spot and she was very worried about him. Her mother had said, "Don't worry. He can't die. He's got to be on next week." She would write for television — soaps preferably, but anything would do. Even when a show was cancelled they didn't bump everyone off — you just never saw them again — they disappeared. She could go on and on asking what happens next. She could get characters into very tight places and they'd always either come out OK or disappear.

Her long-term problem solved, she turned to Miss Beatty and the creative writing project. She couldn't write Miss Beatty a soap opera. They had been studying short stories. She had learned to use the terms climax and dénouement. Climaxes, the tight spots, were easy but "to be continued" as a dénouement for Miss Beatty wouldn't wash. She began to feel panicky and sleepy again.

"Unable to think of an ending, our heroine slashes her wrists and dies. The End," she

Fiction :

Tea for One

thought. She went into the bathroom to look for a slashing device. A Gillette Techmatic razor is definitely not lethal. She thought about kitchen knives but a householdful of women could not produce a knife sharp enough. Electric stove. A mother who preferred martinis to Valium. Third floor with grass all around. No fortune cookies.

Aimlessly she started going through drawers. Maybe her mother has a burglar pistol, a can of rat poison. Under the lingerie in her mother's dresser, she found a spiral-bound, oilskin-covered notebook. She opened it and started to read: "An old man is a tattered overcoat sat on a park bench feeding popcorn to the pigeons." She was electrified. Her mother's story. She filpped to the end and read: "He went back to his furnished room, turned on the hotplate, and rumaged around for a teabag." That was it—rumaging for a teabag. The notebook seemed to contain at least four stories. Ally rumaged around and found three more notebooks. She read the ends of all the stories—nobody died. She calculated: she had two more months of Miss Beatty, then another year of highschool. She didn't have to take English in the last year but she always did so well she'd be an idiot not to. It was unlikely she'd get Miss Beatty again but even if she did and even if Miss Beatty made her write a story a month for the next two months and then for the last ten months of highschool, she'd have enough. There were, she counted, fourteen stories here.

Ally was so happy she went down to the kitchen, plugged in the kettle, and opened the teabag cannister. She made herself a pot of tea.

A Repetitive Murmur

A beautiful tirade,
the secret sound of beauty,
cursed in an open field
is foam in the cunt of your mind
if you part your knees
and kiss the cbeek of the word you fear.

Kissing the cheek of the word you fear
is bow, in the cunt of your mind,
you can touch the edge
of that hard bright blade
that slits flesh with its steel
and swims silent in your blood.

Cursed, in an open field,
that would like a tirade
that would absolve you of your fear
if you suffer your need
and silence the secret sound you fear,
hiding away from beauty.

If you part your knees
open, in a cursed field,
the dirty razor that you bold dear
will come for your flesh and your mind,
delighting in your flesh, he
loves you under the blade.

The foam in the cunt of your mind
could drown and corrode fear;
a beautiful tirade
screaming across the field
still could part your knees
and push its tongue past teeth you cut meat with.

The secret sound of beauty
is rain in the field,
wet in your cunt,
and swims silent in your blood.

Michael Swan

Is it Over Yet?

Orientation Report, 1981

By Adam Socha

Orientation ended many weeks ago, I think. It seems that way. The Frosh no longer have trouble finding lecture rooms (except in New College, of course), and have already experienced pre-test and post-test panic. My panic has just re-started; at least I don't have any classes at New (whew). I suppose Orientation really started back in April, when I volunteered to be the Chairperson of the Orientation Committee. Sometime in May, I asked "Why am I doing this to myself?" Never did get a good answer.

From May to July, old files were scavenged for ideas. Finally, I had something ready to present to the Committee at the July meeting (hal) at Innisfree Farm. There, ideas were thrashed around, people thrashed around and Ziggytoo thrashed around, too. Surprisingly, some real planning arose from all this thrashing around, and the Orientation plans were confirmed at the two subsequent meetings in August. During August, any long-term arrangements were made, and Orientation was ready to roll. All we had to do was phone. And phone. And phone.

Things got off to one heck of a start. Two people showed up for the first picnic, Sept. 7th. The dull skies didn't help. We went to Rudy's instead. We were taken by surprise the next day, as we had a great turnout for the second picnic, at Wilkett Creek. The new Innisites proved to be a great group of people; friendly, talkative and willing (offering) to help out if needed. The tone was set for the rest of Orientation, and we couldn't wait!

Thursday's Pub Crawl gave people the chance

to see their new friends get happy, then silly, then sick. The large turnout of Frosh did well, winning quite a few prizes. Participating Committee members didn't always do as well (See Billy drink. See Billy tell jokes. See Billy go unconscious in the Innis Pit. See Billy get dragged into work for his midnight shift...).

The Farm Weekend was a welcome getaway. All went well except for a potential war between the Phil Collins and Ted Nugent factions. This was avoided by having someone sit on the tape deck. There was a mini-search for Ziggytoo (the fabled farm dog), who never showed up, unfortunately. The weekend was wrapped-up with a couple of pilgrimages to Little Lake, where we all got to see V.C., D.G. and T.W.'s derrieres (I've got the pictures to prove it!). Nobody was especially impressed. Sorry, guys.

On Tuesday, September 15th, we had a Wine-and-Cheese Party, followed by a Jazz Concert. The former seemed destined for failure, as students and staff deigned to remain separate. Finally, I hit upon the magic words: "BAR'S OPEN!" That did it. Unfortunately for them, very few staff remained for the Jazz Concert. The sizable group of students which remained were treated to a remarkable performance of modern jazz and calypso by the Fourteen Spruce Street Cabbagetown Community Band, going on past midnight.



The Orientation Committee hard at work at Innisfree, July '81. Photo by Adam Socha

(Thanks to Bill Ruttle of the Musicians' Union, Local 149 and the union's performance fund for help in bringing this off).

The Pinball Tournament fizzled, as there were no games installed yet. One is still being planned, so stay tuned.

After a great Rookie Dinner in the Pub on Wednesday 16th, everyone regrouped in the Pit before being chased up the CN Tower. Luckily, there were just enough passes to go around, and the Sparkles D.J. didn't go crazy from our requests to play "Time Warp". Next followed another late night for those who dared, the All-Night Movies. They went on way past my bedtime, but there were a handful of die-hards who spent the night in Town Hall.

At last...the Final Party, on Saturday, the 19th. Even though advertising was minimal, admittance had to be cut off at 10:00 p.m. because of the crowds. We even sold a few T-Shirts.

Somewhere in all this, classes had started. As I made my way through the rain last week, from Ramsay Wright to Med. Sci., I thought that all the fun was over. This was SCHOOL again. An hour later, I wandered into the Pit. I was wrong. This must still be Orientation. Only now, the September bills are rolling in...

Many thanks to the twenty-eight people who were in the Orientation Committee.

We Want To Know What You Want for Christmas

Prizes:

\$20.00 for best drawing
or photograph

\$20.. for best description
(max. 500 words)

Do You Want... One purple sock? Homes for lost El Salvadorians? Your two front teeth? Dark Side of the Moon in mono? A bicycle that flies? A ticket to Tibet? A cuisinart that separates eggs?

Drop your burning desire in the Herald box in the I.C.S.S. office. Deadline, Nov. 25.

